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*Yours very sincerely,  
James Eells. —*



In Memoriam.



James Eells, D. D., LL. D.



Born in Westmoreland, N. Y., Aug. 27, 1822.

Died in Cincinnati, O., March 9, 1886.



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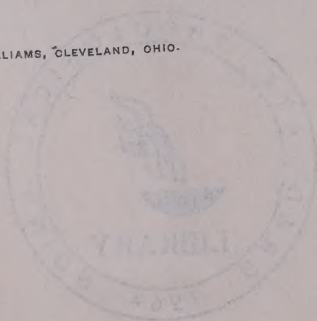
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# MEMORIAL DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CLEVELAND,

—ON—

*SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 1886,*

BY CHARLES S. POMEROY, D. D.





MATTHEW, XXIV, 46.

“Blessed is that steward, whom his lord when he cometh,  
shall find so doing.”

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This new beatitude finds shining illustration whenever a faithful life of godly service faces the arrival of its judge. We are told to write “blessed,” when our eyes are misty with tears; “blessed,” when the grave clothes deck our best beloved; “blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.”

In this brief opportunity, gathered in this family circle of our household of faith, I shall undertake a simple labor of love in casting my tribute, such as I am permitted to make it, upon the grave of my beloved and promoted predecessor in this pastorate. He who long was Christ’s under-shepherd for many of you, is taking his turn for pasturage in the heavenly pastor’s flock above. Others knew him better and longer than I. Others can more fittingly express the thoughts that breathe and burn in such bereavement. But no one beyond the closest circle can bring a sincerer testimony to his worth, or covet with a readier enthusiasm the inspiration of his noble career. “Our blessings brighten as they take their flight,” and with all the evident radiance of that “shining light,” we

never quite saw how resplendent it was before. Still, our tributes to this blessed servant of our God are not mere human eulogy, for never more is Christ's grace magnified than in honoring remembrance of a life which owed to that grace both its power and its charm. God's glory is the golden thread on which are to be strung all loves and honors of our lower life. Let us never think to hide its gleam by the pearls we string upon it. The exit that occurred with such quiet suddenness last Tuesday week, has shaken the Christian communities of our land from its eastern to its western shore. From ocean to ocean the thrill of sympathetic sorrow has vibrated, but the center, the heart, of that pulsation is here in this Second Church of Cleveland. It is not every eminent life stricken out that would leave so large a void or set so many lips trembling with emotion when they essay to speak the praises of a vanished friend. "He being dead, yet speaketh," and with all the eagerness of love we listen here. Aye, we shall keep listening as we hear that helpful voice, till we hear it plainer one day with no veils between, and join its joyful praises to our throned Redeemer.

James Eells was born in Westmoreland, New York, August 27, 1822, so that he passed away from us in his "grand climacteric" of sixty-three years. His ancestry presents much to negative the old saying that grace does not run in the blood, although depravity does. We find brilliant examples of God's covenant mercies in their



genealogy. For through two hundred years and six generations, since the arrival of the earliest ancestors in this country from England, there has been a "godly seed." The ministry of the gospel has been steadily kept up among them. The departure of our brother seems, for the moment, to have closed this honorable succession. But may God appoint from the generation now rising in that family some minister of the cross to lift that banner, now dropped from nerveless hands, and carry it before the world with all the zeal and courage of its former bearers. In the order of their ages three brothers and a sister have passed away. T. Dwight, the last before this, abides in my memory and love as a prized friend, a good man and mighty in the Scriptures. While yet we have among us—lonesome and bereft just now—the last survivor of that noble band, around whom our sympathies cluster, and whom may God long preserve in prosperity and usefulness. Our friend from the first seemed to show the admirable traits that always made his life distinguished. He struggled for an education; taught school for support in gaining it; was graduated with honor at Hamilton college (where two of his brothers had preceded him); commenced his study of theology at Western Reserve college and completed his course in our theological seminary at Auburn, New York, in 1851. At once a call was ready for him to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church of Penn Yan, New York, where he began his ministry and remained until called to Cleve-

land as the second pastor of this church. He commenced his labors at the Preparatory lecture, November, 10, 1854, and was installed by the Presbytery of Cleveland and Portage, on January 24, 1855. Here in the vicinity of his childhood's home, in a wider and enlarging field, with his surviving kindred around him, he began to score the mark which he has indelibly impressed upon his generation. The richest blessings of spiritual enlargement this church ever saw, before or since, were during this period. For the first three years the increase was not noticeably great, but when that marvelous awakening of 1857-8 swept over the land, like a trumpet call from God's own lips, Dr. Eells found souls by scores flocking into the kingdom, and his faithful ministrations grandly prosperous. Immense impetus was given to the vitality and strength of this church when, in 1858, one hundred and four persons united here on confession of their faith in Christ. His was a character that insures long pastorates. I can see no likely reason why the pastor then would not have remained with this people until the day of his funeral except for those providences connected with the health of his family, which ordered so many of his changes. In this way, after five and a half years of rare success and harmony in his pastorate, he was led to accept charge of the Reformed church on the Heights in Brooklyn, New York, in the spring of 1860, having made trial of the climate for several months before, that the propriety of the change might be assured.

When he left he carried both the hearts and the confidence of the people. In his letter of final resignation at that juncture, and in the action of the congregation, as our records show them, the closeness of that pastoral relation is impressively displayed. Many memories can add point to that testimony, as the resolutions adopted declare "undiminished affection," "deplore his loss," "endeared to us as he is by his faithfulness and zeal, his Christian walk and conversation." So with him. He writes: "I have prayed most earnestly that the way back to you might be opened before me, yet tried to say in sincerity 'Thy will be done.' . . . Were it the will of God I would rather continue to be your pastor than to be in any other place on earth."

It was during this Brooklyn pastorate, more than twenty years ago, that my own earliest acquaintance with Dr. Eells was formed. He held a prominent position among the pastors of the day, his church in relations of special intimacy with the two other largest neighboring churches, the First Presbyterian and the Pilgrim Congregational, uniting with them in union services during each summer. He had the difficult task of unifying that congregation after the resignation of their brilliant and famous pastor, the Rev. Dr. Bethune, but as usual he was equal to the situation. As a student of theology, I met him first, casually, in the study of my own pastor, and soon learned to look up to him as to an older brother. Impressive always in his presence and person,



as a splendid specimen of physical and moral manhood, he was so at this period peculiarly. His genial sympathy with younger ministers attracted me from the first. More than once, in the years that followed, I was emboldened to ask his advice, or seek his brotherly aid in the tight places of my early Brooklyn pastorate. Though I never saw him in the class-room, it has been easy for me ever since to understand his peculiar adaptation to ministerial instruction and to fathom the secrets of his success in that department, where to do as he said and as he did, would be for any student a finished culture. In 1867 he accepted a prominent charge in San Francisco, and for three years ensuing laid the foundations of his large acquaintance and wide influence on the Pacific coast, where, from the Golden Gate to Portland, he was known and honored; where lately, with much success, he has been working as perhaps no other man could have done, by appointment of his former colleagues, in securing endowment for theological instruction in that section of the country. Meanwhile the pulpit of this church had become again vacant, and after a pastorless condition of more than a year, with unsuccessful attempts and no little difficulty felt and foreboded, it was most natural to turn westward for relief, to one in whom all could be united, who could come as a tried pilot to the wavering helm. So he came again, as to his home, to the difficult task of being his own successor, and to the great joy and blessing of this church. No other man

could have met the crisis then, or filled his place. The second pastorate, like the first, was one of spiritual and numerical prosperity. Still the hope expressed by the congregation that Dr. Eells might pass the remainder of his life among them was doomed to disappointment. A similar reason to that which constrained his first resignation, again operated to induce his acceptance of a call to the First Church of Oakland, California, and the regretful consent of the church to his dismissal, with even stronger expressions than before of attachment and respect. Happily there was no interregnum. His pastorate and that of his successor overlapped in June, 1873. It was a valued privilege to have my honored friend and predecessor by my side, with his welcome and endorsement, in that service which was at once his valedictory and my inauguration. Nothing could possibly have made me so trustful of this people, and so happy in the peculiar strangeness of a new pastorate, as the evidences of their devoted affection for him. Nor did I misjudge the generous promise that it gave. If any one earthly thing more than another can conduce to a pastor's success it is the love of his people. If anything will kill him and his usefulness, it is the want of that. Our brother said on that memorable evening when we parted from him: "These tokens of love from such a host of friends will be cherished by me while I live, as proof that even the attempt to do one's duty has a rich reward indeed." His second charge in California was even more successful than the

first. Warm welcomes greeted him, and for the next five years no worker upon all that coast was more widely prized and active. In addition to his other extensive labors he filled with great acceptance the chair of sacred rhetoric and pastoral theology in our new theological seminary in San Francisco. Indeed, such abilities and adaptation were manifested on his part, in this direction of labor, that he was called in 1879 to a similar post with wider influence at Lane seminary, Cincinnati, where the last seven years of his life below were spent. Yet he could never be spared from the pulpit. It was his throne, and he ruled from it over men's hearts and minds, as God's ambassador, with rare persuasiveness and power. Many churches of that city, especially the Second and Walnut Hills, have greatly profited by his efficient service. In the course of these years, with the admiring eyes of the whole church upon him, he reached the loftiest honors of name and position that could be conferred upon a Presbyterian divine. His name was adorned with the scholastic degrees of D. D. and LL. D. In 1877, at Chicago, the highest office in our church, the moderatorship of the General Assembly, was bestowed and nobly filled with dignity and wisdom. Then, with his honors fresh and thick upon him, he was sent as a delegate to the first great, world-wide Presbyterian alliance held in Edinburgh, and appeared there as one of our foremost men. As a rule, there is a certain amount of loss to any minister in many pastorates and frequent



changes, yet so distributed were his charges that he became all the more widely known through our land, from the centre—striking the verge on either side—known on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and sweeping with his influence all the territory between. It is not for those alone who knew him well that I have sketched this meager outline of our dear brother's varied and successful history. For them it may be a work of supererogation, but not for many who can only know him through the hearsay of our reverent affection. Not even himself will be magnified so much among us, in all we think and say of him, as the grace of God in his upbuilding. It is not mere eulogy to praise the architecture of a character when we know it is a temple of the Holy Ghost. He was a godly man beyond all question. His ministerial life was no professional parade or perfunctory grimace. It was pervaded through and through by the *love of the risen Christ*, his Saviour, and the powers of the world to come. He sought the souls of those for whom he labored. The impressive, joyous, exalted dignity of his pulpit services is a tradition among you. His public prayer was prayer, and not oration. He handled the word of God as though he trusted it indeed. As a scholar, his resources were large and ready. Much literary work fell from his pen, manly in thought and chaste in expression. He was one of the editors of the *Presbyterian Quarterly*, and took a laboring oar for years in the *Occident Journal*. He was well read and accurate;

yet he was no book worm. He realized that the knowing of books without the knowing of men and things leaves a minister strangely shorn of his power. He brought the doctrines of Christ into vital, controlling contact with actual life, and that without taking his text from the newspapers or calling attention to himself by tricks of sensation. He acted on the conviction that in God's word was a panacea for every social ill, a gospel that it was a joy for him to preach, holding forth the truth in love. He had the faculty of indignation against defiant wrong and the courage to denounce it; but he knew how to be "angry and sin not." I never heard of any enemies he ever made. He did not shirk his responsibility to "declare the whole counsel of God." No cowardice led him ever to trail the banner of the cross. Yet the kindness of a loving soul, mingling with his fidelity, often disarmed resistance and turned his critic into a convert, by God's grace. He knew he was a herald. He never invented his own gospel messages, but took them from the lips of his King. For many a day it will be amazingly encouraging to Christian fidelity to hear the testimony of multitudes among us who are his spiritual children, "begotten in the gospel." Always ready, fluent, impressive in extempore address, he never yielded to the temptation of careless preparation. It was "beaten oil" that he brought into the sanctuary. His qualities as a pastor were eminent and precious. He was a friend to all in every station, as rich and poor,

high and low, young and old, were made to feel. Genial and sympathetic, he was at home and welcomed in the social circle, in the sick-chamber, in the house of mourning. He had too much tact and love to be a scolding minister. In at least three disturbed churches, in his lifetime, he showed himself a skillful restorer of harmony. So accustomed to kindness was he, looking on the hopeful side of life and character, happy in his hope and in his work, that a smile became habitual to him. It had to be a very sad occasion indeed which could drive that smile away. How often it made his words luminous and radiant! He had a genuine sense of humor, and brightened his life and that of others with it. But he was no clerical joker to weaken his power and mar, by buffoonery, the sacred mission of his life. So his influence became peculiarly winning. His power of capturing confidence, inducing action and coöperation on the part of others, was something remarkable. The words of an angel to Daniel, the prophet, might make an ascription to our translated brother, "Oh man, greatly beloved!" Few men can draw the hearts of others as he did. Independent himself, he conceded the same independence to others. When he differed, he differed amiably. He was a broad man. There was no narrowness in our brother's type of piety. He loved his own church, cherished her faith and order with consistent attachment, but felt and encouraged a catholic spirit that made friends for him among all denominations, and

enabled him to strike palms heartily with worthy workers in any branch of humanitarian reform. Every popularity he won was honestly secured. His influence on young men was always pronounced and happy. The Cleveland Grays, for whom he was chaplain for many years by their choice, remember him to-day with reverent regard. Their floral knapsack at his funeral, fragrantly expressed their honoring tribute to the memory of this, their comrade taking the silent march into the great unseen. His calm, reflective and decided mind, his warm convictions, wise judgment and eloquent address made him an important figure in our church courts, from lowest to highest. He gave himself to whatever he undertook, and did it well, "as to the Lord and not to men." Indeed, his ministerial talent and character, percolated through six generations of ministers, seemed filtered clear from all that could be called defect. Doubtless there have been more profound scholars, more eloquent orators, more magnetic leaders, more brilliant and fascinating idols of popular fancy and applause, but very few men have there been, I take it, with a happier combination of faculty for the work his God had sent him out to do; had equipped him to perform. He was symmetrical, well rounded, at every point available. His character was spherical in its well balanced completeness. I suppose that he had faults, for he was human; but I rejoice to say to you that I never saw any of them, never knew what they were. So



that he will always seem to me like Jonathan in the Scriptures, one of those flawless natures which suffer no derogation from their constant charm. Such a man lives in the memories of brethren and friends, kindred and people, when all mere intellectual exploits would be forgotten as the lost arts. A tender husband and father, his children rise up to call him blessed. She, for whose sake he pulled away the tendrils of many a strengthening tie in his ministry, will augment her grief and her thanksgiving together by remembrance of his unselfish devotion. And for the dear brother—ours and his—surviving among us, the last of his family, almost stunned by the severity of the blow that for him so suddenly snapped the strong, comforting, blessed earthly ties of a lifetime, shall we not remind him how precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints? The Lord had need of him. Human love and honor had done all they could to exalt him. It was not enough. He who has first claim upon us all has said, “Friend, come up higher.” We shall *understand it all one day*. In the sinless fellowship of that royal friend “who sticketh closer than a brother,” our departed prince of God’s kingdom is awaiting all of us who follow him as he followed Christ. Into the inner grief of such family losses we enter not, it is behind the veil with God; only in the outer court, with bowed heads and hearts bleeding in sympathy, we pray that the hand which has touched with sorrow, will touch again with abounding consolation.

But what a benediction, that nine weeks ago this morning our friend stood here and gave us his last message, as though he saw his grave before him! Who will ever forget that text, or his treatment of it—"After he had served his generation by the will of God, he fell asleep." Our ladies have most appropriately set those three last words, in floral memorial of him, upon this pulpit front to-day. But that is not enough. Our brother spoke his own epitaph before us then, and I want to see those words sculptured enduringly upon his monument in Lake View, that they may teach other generations how grandly this one was served for Christ, how God giveth his beloved sleep, and how "blessed is that steward whom his lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing."

The last four words he uttered in our hearing is what I say of him, "such men cannot die." No, life is not closed with the casket lid. Daily faithfulness has brought earthly immortality as well as heavenly. He will speak from many a pulpit in the ministers he has trained. His stamp upon this people and upon communities far and wide, transfigured with his spirit, must be ineffaceable. At how many graves he stood before his own was reached; how often has he brought consolation to stricken homes before his own home needed it! Christ's gospel that he heralded so well and wisely, will go on gaining trophies for the skies. Such a life *must* leave a blessed end in taking on the life eternal. So, when the sudden news reached us and flew wide across

the land, that he had entered rest, it was an earthly love that grieved, and not an heavenly faith. For him it was "far better." His piety had been deepened and mellowed of late years, as he felt convinced that seeds of dissolution were already germinating within him; that his departure might occur at any time, and with presumable suddenness. No time was lost for him by protracted illness. From work to rest he entered in an instant. His last public service at the seminary, occupied with thoughts of this church, holding up one of our venerated veterans of the faith before the eyes of those young men, was an encouraging stimulus to their fidelity. How grand, to be allowed to work up to the end! He fell asleep without struggling with death, or having a taste of its bitterness. Elijah's fiery equipage could not have whirled him quicker to the gates of Paradise. Our judgment would be that his life was cut short before his work was done. But when the reasons lying back of this are known one day, not a soul among us will question their sufficiency. We await the explanation that he has had before this. He knows it all to-day. All that puzzles and stumbles us in God's dealings, has become clear as crystal to his emancipated soul. Brethren, God lives, whoever is taken away. This is our consolation, as the work of the church is on our hands. Workmen die, but God buries them, and keeps on with the work. These gaps, where the death shaft strikes, will always keep coming in our ranks

Have your lamps trimmed and burning, brothers, for you may be a guest of Christ before you think it. We are journeying together to the land of which the Lord has said, "I will give it you." When our eyelids close, it is the world that dies, not we. Our fellowships become transferred, as one by one we scatter here. Are we in, have we gained partnership in, the unity of the Spirit? You are not really on the road that your feet are treading, but that your *soul* is treading. Some of you seem to be growing old. Not so, you are passing down towards youth. Declining years and waning strength make many a believer think himself coming to loss and limitation. No, the outward tabernacle is being taken down, that Christ's friend may enjoy a larger freedom. Perhaps we are not afraid of death, but *dying*, that's the rub. We may be glad to cross to the other side over that sea, but oh, the sea-sickness that impends! We shudder at the Rubicon we have to ford. Think of our brother gone, and fear not. You may have a dry-shod crossing, or like Bunyan's pilgrim, your feet may touch bottom all the way, and the shining ones will have you by the hand. Some of you may seem lonely, but sainted ones are gathering as convoys and greetings to your soul. Beyond the storm is calm. Beyond the toil lies rest. Beyond the battle, victory. Be true to God, as was this departed prince of God's kingdom, and all the spiritual unities of his universe will take you into their sublime, joyous harmony.



Ten thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steeps of light.

'Tis finished, all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin ;  
Fling open wide the golden gates  
And let the victors in.

Oh, then what rapturous greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore ;  
What knitting severed friendships up  
Where partings are no more !



# AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED

AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF

LANE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,

*THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1886,*

BY E. D. MORRIS, D. D., LL. D.



Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

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Blessed also, even amid their tears, are those who, in the light of the Gospel, devoutly contemplate such glorious dying in the Lord. Blessed, though sorrowing, are they who by faith are enabled to see the dead believer resting forever from his earthly labor, earthly suffering, in the very presence of his Redeemer. And thrice blessed they who, taught by the Spirit, can discern the works, the personal graces and activities of such a believer, not only abiding here as precious memorials of him, but also following with him into the life immortal and becoming there so many jewels in his crown. It is to such meditations, tender and sorrowful, yet comforting and profitable, that the voice from heaven is now summoning us. May the Spirit, who uttered these sublime words, himself abide with us while we reflect together at this gracious hour on one who, after a life of



eminent usefulness, has thus died and been glorified in the Lord !

JAMES EELLS, Professor of Practical Theology in this institution, expired suddenly at his home from paralysis of the heart, in the early afternoon of Tuesday, the ninth day of March. On the following Friday his remains were reverently borne to this church, where he had so often and so recently ministered, for suitable funeral services. They were then removed to Cleveland, where, on the following day, like services were held among the people whom he had served for two successive periods as a Christian pastor. Since then several funeral discourses have been delivered, commemorative of his life and work, and numerous resolutions have made public the estimation in which he was held by the students and faculty of this seminary, and by those associated with him in other important relations. Still it is fitting that, following several solemn and tender precedents, we should, at the close of this anniversary occasion, pause to take another affectionate look at the form which we have loved so well, and in accents alike of grief and of tenderness speak to one another of him whom God has taken. Let us reverently meditate together, not merely on the sweet rest from his labors, on the heavenly freedom and felicity into which he has entered, but also on the suggestive story of his life, the attractive outlines of his character. God give us grace thoughtfully to

gather up the high, inspiring lessons which that life and character suggest.

I. Our departed brother sprang from a devout and honorable ancestral stock. It was my privilege to know his revered father somewhat intimately during the later years of his prolonged life—an earnest and consecrated servant of God, who gave himself from boyhood to the work of the ministry, who was graduated at Yale just at the close of the last century, and trained for the sacred office under that eminent teacher of preachers, Dr. Backus of Somers, in Connecticut. He emigrated in 1804 to what was then the far west and is now known as Central New York, and was there engaged for a considerable portion of his life as minister, as a representative of Hamilton college, of which he was one of the charter trustees, and as agent of the Western Education society, an organization then specially active in aiding candidates for the Presbyterian ministry. In 1831 he emigrated again to Central, and afterward to Northern Ohio, where the rest of his active years were given to like services; and finally spent the remainder of his days, in beautiful resignation, within the households of his three living sons, until at last there came to him, through accident sudden but not painful, a serene and holy dying that seemed almost like a translation. He was a man whose sincerity and devotion to all good causes no one could doubt, and whose inward piety seemed to us who knew him well to have, at least in his declining

years, a Christ-like completeness, a spiritual sweetness and beauty in it, almost celestial. I have also visited with our brother the quaint, white, double-roofed house, of a style so often seen in New England, from which his mother was led forth, in 1814, as a bride, and we have walked reverently together through the old graveyard of Durham, where the dust of her ancestors for three generations is still slumbering—an ancestry honored in the church, and not unknown in the legislative halls of her native state, but specially to be remembered here for their belief in God and in the Gospel, and for their diligent, faithful, holy living before the eyes of men. How great was the felicity of one who could claim descent on both sides from such Christian ancestry, and who could point in both directions to a family escutcheon never seriously tarnished by wickedness, by worldliness, by unbelief! And in this instance, how singular was the further felicity which could point backward, not merely to one or two, but to five successive generations of Christian ministers, with a pastoral service commencing in the remote colonial era and continued without interruption for nearly two centuries! The continent affords but one or two known parallels to such an unbroken succession of ministers in a single family—the holy office descending directly from father to son during so long a period, and fitly crowned (though it may not be ended) in such a life and career as that which we to-day commemorate. Blessed be God for such historic testimonies

to the gracious certainties of that covenant which binds parent and child together even from generation to generation in the sure bundle of eternal life; for such illustrations of the principle that piety, like sin, is transmissible along ancestral lines, and may be anticipated as a divine benediction on parental faithfulness, even from century to century.

Dr. Eells was the son of Rev. James Eells, who was the son of Rev. James Eells, who was the son of Rev. Edward Eells, who was the son of Rev. Nathaniel Eells, who was the son of Rev. Nathaniel Eells, a graduate of Harvard in 1696 and pastor during life of the Presbyterian church in Scituate, Massachusetts. He was himself born in Westmoreland, Central New York, August 27, 1822, while his father was still pastor at that place. When he was in his ninth year, the family removed to Worthington, near Columbus, Ohio, and six years afterward, in 1837, to the little town of Amherst, in the vicinity of Oberlin, where for a considerable period his father labored as a home missionary, and where his mother died in 1849. I have heard him speak with the deepest tenderness of her—of her commanding influence over his young life, of her intelligent solicitude for his education, and of her unwearying devotion to the welfare of the numerous household committed to her Christian charge.

II. Born from such stock, and faithfully trained from infancy in the doctrine and temper of Christianity, it was natural that our brother should have made a profession

of religion at the early age of twelve—an event much less frequent in that day than in ours, when Christian nurture in the home, both as a principle and as an experience, is far more widely appreciated. The home in which he was thus nurtured was not a palace, beautified by wealth and filled with luxuries; it was rather the lowly dwelling of a home missionary, beautified by piety and filled with spiritual supplies far higher in value than any temporal good. It was a home in which, from necessity, all labored and struggled and made sacrifices together; where the children learned from parental example as well as precept how honorable honest toil is, and how noble is unselfish devotion to the common welfare, and how precious the grace is which can make the humblest habitation beautiful, where true religion permeates and glorifies the household life. It is from such homes that multitudes of our manliest men in church, in state, in every sphere of business or service, come; it is in such homes, quite as much as in the Christian Church itself, that our blessed Gospel, so vital and beneficent everywhere, has free course and is glorified.

I have often heard our brother speak of the severe disabilities that beset his boyhood in the attaining of a liberal education. While his father was still pastor in Westmoreland, in the immediate vicinity of Hamilton college, two of his brothers, with but scant resources, had made their way courageously through that institution, one in 1825 and one in 1832, and had entered, not with-



out great effort, the first the ministry, and the second the profession of law. Stimulated by their example, as well as by the fervent wishes of his parents, he also entered upon and struggled through a preparatory course, chiefly at Oberlin, in this state, commencing his studies for college at the age of fifteen. What difficulties and privations he encountered, it is not hard to surmise. It is the old story of horseback-riding through our Buckeye mud ; of meager subsistence on provisions carried, week after week, from the humble home in the neighboring town ; of home-spun and home-made clothing ; of daily manual labor to defray needful expenses, and of a myriad other trials such as those only know who have passed through like experience. After two years of such preparation, in order to replenish his resources, he went, in 1839, to Kentucky, and there held, for two years or more, a situation as teacher in a prominent family in the vicinity of Frankfort, meanwhile prosecuting, so far as possible, his preparatory and collegiate studies. Returning to his home in the spring of 1842, he devoted himself afresh to such studies, and with so much success that he was enabled in the autumn to enter Hamilton college as a member of the junior class. While in that institution, he still supported himself in part by teaching in a neighboring academy, as I have occasion to know from the fact that it was there, during the fall of 1843, that I first met him, and received from him my earliest instruction in the mysteries of the Latin tongue.

Of his college life and associations, an eminent friend has sent me the following reminiscence:

“His collegiate course was a clear foreshadowing of his bright career. He entered as a junior, in perfect health, with a joyous, companionable nature, and easily excelled in all tests of scholarship, of intellectual ripeness and rhetorical vigor. He never seemed to know the embarrassments with which youthful orators are troubled. As a public speaker, he was manly, self-trained and well informed. He commended his thoughts by a certain spontaneous heartiness of expression which he retained through life. His Christian duties, while a student, were discharged cheerfully, as if they brought him a positive pleasure. After his graduation, he was fond of returning to the college at anniversary times. Once he delivered the annual oration before the society of alumni, and at the commencement of 1874 he commemorated the thirtieth anniversary of his graduation by preaching the baccalaureate sermon, at the urgent request of President Brown.”

Graduating creditably in 1844, he continued for two years the work of teaching, chiefly at an academy in Eaton in Southern New York, and in 1847 he entered on his professional studies in the theological department then connected with Western Reserve college. After a year, he returned to Kentucky and again found employment as a teacher, but in the fall of 1849 resumed his course of theological training as a member of the middle

class in the seminary at Auburn, where I again met him, and where, though we were in different classes, we formed the intimate friendship which was henceforth continued without interruption for nearly thirty-seven years, until his death. The same qualities which have been named as characteristic of him in college, marked him in the seminary. As a Christian, he was earnest and consistent; as an associate, he was bright, cheery, cordial; as a student, he was by instinct punctual, faithful, thorough. The special interest with which, throughout his life, he contemplated what was practical, available for use, rather than the speculative or the scholastic, was habitually evident in his studies. His rare gift of speech gave him, from the first, a commanding position, and made it easy for us to predict his successful career in the pulpit. His warmth of heart, his social ability, his spontaneous sympathy with men, and other like qualities, made it equally easy to predict his eminent success as a pastor. In the rare group of young men then gathered at the seminary—of whom some have risen to positions of great prominence in the church and in other relations—he was recognized as among the first; and when, in 1851, he left the institution for his first pastorate in one of the loveliest villages in Western New York, there was not one in that group who did not both desire and anticipate for him a ministry happy, useful, honorable in a high degree.

III. Before proceeding to sketch the history of his

career as a minister, I may briefly speak of his qualifications for the ministerial office—of those which were apparent at the outset to such of us as knew him intimately at the time of his entrance upon that office, and those which became progressively visible in him during the eight and twenty years of his distinctively pastoral career. Nature had endowed him with a remarkable physique, healthful throughout, simple in its processes and desires, vigorous beyond that of nearly all his associates, and delighting itself alike in athletic sports and in manual labor; a form, tall and fine in proportion, marked by native grace of movement, and in his maturer years by an impressive dignity of bearing which made him noticeable in any circle. His temperament was vivid, buoyant, sanguine even to excess; he saw things in even too rosy light, and his anticipations more often went beyond rather than fell below the experienced reality. There was a contagion in his laugh and a merry humor in his nature which doubtless did much to buoy him up amid the severer engrossments of his chosen calling. His mind, while not specially given to abstract study or specially fond of mere speculation, was clear, alert, appreciative, particularly of whatever is practical in Christian doctrine. His heart was warm, ready in the indulgence and the expression of feeling; sympathetic, truthful, generous in every relation. He was from the first a man of will and purpose, along his chosen lines of activity; he was never reluctant, never tardy, never

unready to face his share of any assigned service. The moral principles which he had imbibed during his youth in that humble missionary home held him in his early manhood, grew with his years, and revealed their full supremacy in the various spheres of his maturer usefulness. All in all, viewed on the side of his constitutional endowments, he was a man of unusual symmetry and completeness, seriously lacking at no central point, and conspicuous less for the outflashing presence of some single gift than for the harmonious union of many gifts, all alike tributary to the strong impression which his composite personality habitually made.

His acceptance of the ministry was hearty and unreserved. From his boyhood—and notwithstanding all that he had seen of the hardships of that calling—he coveted a place somewhere among the official ambassadors of Christ to men. An older brother had given himself to the same service, and the example was contagious. Another gifted and favorite brother had chosen the legal profession, and I have heard him say that there were times, especially after his graduation from college, when his own mind was drawn in that direction, even to the extent of reading some books on law. But his natural sphere was the ministry, and into that calling he threw himself with all the ardor, the energy, the joyousness of a strong and a consecrated nature. He was conscious from the first of many qualifications natural and gracious, for such a work. He loved public speech, and



most of all pulpit speech. It was one of his supreme delights to stand up before men, not with assurance or any spirit of display, but inspired by manly sympathy with them, and conscious of an inborn capacity to persuade and move. He loved social contact with men, and especially that high and sweet form of social contact which is gained in the intricate and delicate yet delightful intimacies of the pastoral office. He loved the church, the prayer meeting, the Sabbath school ; it was far less as an official duty than as a personal delight that he gave himself with a consuming zeal to the task of making these still more precious, still more useful. He loved his chosen work in all its parts and phases, and never seemed to weary in it, even after his natural energies had begun to flag, through unremitting devotion. With singleness of feeling, with singleness of aim and movement, he went right on with that work wherever the will of the Master chose to place him ; ever ambitious, not in a worldly but in a Christian sense, to make the most of himself for the glory of God and for the good of men. A heartier, manlier, fresher, more hopeful man or minister it would be difficult to name, and by consequence he had in a singular degree the power to inspire like ardor, like ambition, like hopefulness in others. His churches always caught his spirit, and however slack or despondent or divided at first, always joined with him at last in a service which he taught them, by example as

well as precept, to regard as obligatory, as noble and as full of joy and blessing.

The theology which he preached was that keen and strong and lofty theology which his father had learned in the school of Jonathan Edwards, and which he had himself imbibed both from his seminary teachers and from the pulpit of the church within whose territory his lot was happily cast—a theology sometimes too sharp, dialectic, abstract in its discriminations, and sometimes presented in forces too much out of proportion or too unhistoric, yet which was always clear, strong, pungent—mighty in convincing sinners, effective in building up vigorous Christian character and glorious in times of revival, when the truth, thus presented, came down upon the souls of men with resistless, converting power. That theology he continued to preach to the last, never losing his faith in either its intrinsic trustworthiness or its practical force. But it was his aim less to present his accepted doctrine as a theological construction than as a good combination of the great verities of the Scripture itself, and his loyalty to the Bible, and to his own honest interpretation of it, was ever above his loyalty to creed or denomination. His studies, during his pastoral career, were grouped distinctly around the Gospel—the Gospel not as an abstraction, but the Gospel as the power of God unto salvation. These studies were therefore habitually and from choice, not so much abstract or systematic, but rather for the ends and uses of the pulpit. What he

could preach was what he most wished to learn, and it was this happy concentration of interest around the business of preaching, quite as much as his graces of style or delivery, which made him so effective in the pulpit, so notable an example among the preachers of his church and time.

To his qualifications as pastor and as ecclesiastic, only the briefest reference can be made. The churches which he served knew him a man of true sympathy, of great practical good sense, of sincere and unsparing devotion. In an unusual degree was he welcome in the homes of his people, and some of his most useful work was done within the households where his presence was thus welcomed. In the chamber of sickness, at burials, at bridals, in the administration of baptism, in the social gatherings of the church, at the communion season, his fine qualities as a man, his success as a pastor, were marked. It is hard to say whether he was more effective in the pulpit than in these less conspicuous but no less important parts of his ministry. Nor was his administrative conduct of church affairs, or his course as to the practical interests of the church, any less noticeable. Somehow, churches grew and prospered under his guidance, and the record of his six pastorates is a record of success, genuine and substantial. And in the larger relations of his denominational connection, he was equally useful and equally appreciated. While his pastorates were, as a rule, too brief to ensure the highest

degree of such general influence, yet in Northern Ohio and in California, where most of his pastoral services were rendered, few men have been more widely known, more extensively honored for either their personality or their work.

IV. The main events in the ministry of Dr. Eells are already familiar. He passed directly from the seminary, in the summer of 1851, to his first pastorate in the beautiful village of Penn Yan, on the shores of one of those lovely lakes which impart a charm to Western New York not unlike that which makes so famous the region where Windermere lies glassy on the English green. During the four years that followed, while I was still a student and afterwards<sup>\*</sup> a neighboring pastor, it was my privilege to know much of his first ministry, of his studies and preparation for the pulpit, of his experiences as a pastor and his ardent devotion to the welfare of the congregation committed to his ministerial charge. How highly, even from the first, that congregation, intelligent and cultivated beyond most in similar villages, appreciated his services, and how strongly his manly and hearty ways won them to loyalty and bound them to him in responsive love, I may here record my sincere attestation. There is an indescribable element in such a first pastorate which, like the first flush and beauty of the morning, never comes again, however clear or fruitful the succeeding day may be; a certain passionate fondness for the service, an ardent abandonment in it,

and an exhilarating joyousness that flashes through and through the soul of the young preacher and floods it with a glorious, though it be an evanescent light. And it is indeed a cold church, a dull people, which does not recognize the presence of such youthful inspiration, or which fails to appreciate such a type and measure of devotion, even though it may manifest itself sometimes in forms which larger wisdom, a more studious prudence, might question or oppose.

From Penn Yan the young minister passed, in the autumn of 1854, to Cleveland, in Ohio, where he labored with reasonable vigor and success for nearly five years, sustained more and more by an admiring, earnest church, until, for reasons found chiefly in the health of his family, he went, in 1859, to the pastorate of the Reformed Dutch Church on Brooklyn Heights. Here he was the immediate successor of Dr. Bethune, who had won for himself an enviable reputation, not merely in his own denomination but throughout the country, as one of the most eloquent preachers in the American pulpit. The congregation was such as a preacher of such rare powers would naturally draw around him, and the task imposed upon his young successor was correspondingly large and onerous. But his manifest sincerity, his thorough devotion to the work, his scriptural earnestness as a preacher, his practical insight and activity, as well as his large measure of eloquence, secured for him, from the first, the respect and confidence of his people, and that respect



and confidence was sustained without impairment to the end. Introduced also into another denomination, whose methods and spirit differed somewhat from that with which he had heretofore been familiar, he still made himself useful in such wider relations, and left behind him none but pleasant memories and an honorable record.

In 1867, Dr. Eells made a third denominational change in passing from Brooklyn, primarily for reasons of the same class, to the pastoral care of the First Presbyterian Church (O. S.) in San Francisco. Here he was diligently and efficiently employed for nearly four years, until peculiar circumstances in the condition of his former charge at Cleveland led him to return to that church and to become, as he was wont to say, his own successor. On his second pastorate in that field, he entered while in the prime of his physical and mental power, with large accumulation of both resources and experience, and his work was correspondingly wide, thorough, effective. Few ministers in Northern Ohio have ever been more extensively known, more generally trusted, or, in a biblical sense, more truly successful. It was for his church a time of decided growth in numbers, in position, in organized usefulness, and it was with deep regret that the beloved and loving flock consented, in 1874, to his return to California, to become the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Oakland, the beautiful Brooklyn of the Pacific coast, lying just across the bay from San Fran-

cisco, the scene of his former labors, and now becoming the home of a numerous, wealthy and cultivated population. Here his last regular pastoral work was done during the interval from 1874 to the autumn of 1879, the date of his transfer to his chair in this institution. In the farewell services held at the time of his resignation of this pastorate, it was said that the membership of the church had increased from 116 to 404, and the Sabbath school in like proportion; that meanwhile a new sanctuary, one of the most capacious and elegant on the Pacific coast, had been erected; that the organization, which before had been sadly divided, had through his wise counsel and influence become one in feeling and purpose, and that in multiplied ways he had made for himself an imperishable record in the history, not merely of that church but of Presbyterianism throughout the state. During a part of this time he also served, though at great physical cost to himself, as professor of homiletics and pastoral theology in the seminary at San Francisco. He assisted also in founding, and was for some years an associate editor of *The Occident*, the able organ of our denomination on the Pacific slope. He was much engaged in furthering the interests of other Christian churches and in helping on the general cause of religion in the community and region. Hardly another minister of our church in California can be named whose active earnestness, whose helpful hand, whose beneficent labors were more manifest; and when, under a growing conviction that he

could no longer bear so severe a strain as such services were imposing, and probably with some premonition of the disorder which finally brought his life to its sudden close, he decided to accept the invitation which drew him hither, his departure from the Pacific coast was viewed, in many aspects, as a serious disaster. Meanwhile, his valuable services had been fitly recognized by the church at large in his election to the moderatorship of the General Assembly at Chicago in 1877, and by his appointment as delegate to the Presbyterian Council held at Edinburgh in the same year. His example as minister and pastor had thus become conspicuous on both sides of the continent, and his work during these eight and twenty years had won for him wide and hearty admiration. For nearly a generation he had toiled manfully in the vineyard, bearing well the heat and burden of the day, and for such service God and man were amply rewarding him.

V. When, in the summer of 1879, Dr. Eells had accepted his position here, his church at Oakland generously sent its congratulations to this seminary on its distinguished good fortune in securing his services. In its official action occur these suggestive sentences: His logical mind, his high attainments in learning, his earnestness in presenting truth, his sympathetic heart, his tireless energy, his broad outlook upon life, his devoted piety and the charm of his pure and serene Christian living cannot fail to impress all who

may have the good fortune to sit under his teaching. Our best wish is that he may repeat himself in the lives and ministry of his pupils. Then will they and the church have great occasion to thank God for transplanting him to this school of the prophets. And in conjunction with this testimony as to his fitness, I may quote briefly from a private letter—one of many that passed between us with reference to the contemplated transplantation—which well exhibits the general sentiment with which he himself then regarded the step he was taking. He says: “I have fully gone over the whole matter again, and this morning have written a formal acceptance of the appointment. So the die is cast. May God grant that it shall be for his glory and for the good of all concerned. . . . I will not say anything now in view of so radical a change in my habits and relations. I have not the time, and you can somewhat understand my feelings. . . . I never want to make another change, and shall give my whole soul and mind to the building up, and the effective service in my department, of Lane Seminary. We two, at least, must rear our last and most enduring monuments side by side on that ground.” Such was the temper with which he regarded his transfer to this new post of duty; such was the purpose with which, in the plenitude of his matured powers and resources, he gave his life to this beloved institution. Little could either of us have realized that, within so short a period, he who seemed so much stronger and the

likelier to live, would have finished his work here—actually reared among us his last monument, as he said—and in the very acme of his influence have passed so suddenly away, while I should stand in this place, doubly bereaved among the bereaved, to tell the story of his ended life.

The professorship to which Dr. Eells was called was originally occupied almost wholly with the science and art of preaching, together with some drill in logic and other related studies. Subsequently the whole matter of pastoral theology, including all the practical duties of the minister within his own parish, was added to it, and still later, all that related to the organization of the church, including both comparison of the Presbyterian polity with types of government, and the practical exposition of that polity as administered in our various ecclesiastical judicatories. At the time of his election, it was also provided that the whole subject of Christian evangelization, including missions at home and abroad, and a wide variety of kindred topics, should be brought distinctively within this department. Under this arrangement it was believed, not merely that the professorship itself would be made, in charge of an active and earnest teacher, more attractive, more inspiring, but also that a most important element would thus be provided in the theological curriculum, and that our graduates would go out, into whatever field, more broadly equipped, more profoundly inspired for their work. This was in har-

mony with the general purpose, alike of the trustees and of the faculty, to make Lane Seminary, not merely a school where speculative or abstract knowledge should be imparted, but rather a training house for preachers—a place where knowledge, drill, culture in whatever form, should ever be made tributary to the one supreme end, the proclamation of the Gospel for the salvation of men. Such was the governing spirit of this institution in the days when Lyman Beecher set the hearts of his pupils here on fire with love for souls; when he filled them with convictions that could find adequate expression only in lives of heroic consecration, whether in America, or in Africa, or in the islands of the Pacific seas. Such has ever been the controlling desire of those who, since that initial era, have given shape, color, warmth, to the training here imparted; and the history of the hundreds who have gone forth from this seminary into almost every portion of the globe to do their part in conquering the world for Christ, abundantly verifies and justifies that desire.

It might be invidious to compare our brother with any of the eminent men, now all translated with him into the life and the fellowship immortal, who successfully filled this particular chair of instruction—Dickinson and Condit and Allen and Smith. They were widely unlike, yet all were men of acknowledged power; men whose capacities, though considerably diverse, were in each instance eminent. His immediate predecessor had



enjoyed the advantage of a thorough New England training in college and seminary, had served for many years as a college professor and president, had meanwhile been through life a close and diligent student, had acquired extensive knowledge in various departments, had become especially familiar with philosophy and theology along many lines, and had won a rare reputation as both a surpassing teacher and a preacher of extraordinary power. He who should follow so eminent an example and fill well a chair so honorable, must surely be a man of genuine ability and of much more than ordinary gifts. But the professorship, especially as now constituted, is conspicuously one in which experience plays as important a part as learning—in which what the teacher has himself acquired through long and varied discipline in the pastoral office, what he has come to know through practical contact with ecclesiastical affairs, what, in a word, he has himself become in such spheres of usefulness within the church, weighs quite as much, it may be, as elaborate culture or rare philosophic or theologic power. It was in such directions that the special induement of Dr. Eells for the professorship was seen, and it was from what he had himself been, as preacher and pastor and ecclesiastic, that the students derived their most valuable lessons. As it was at his suggestion that the department received the new name of Practical Theology, so his constant purpose was to make that name a warm and precious reality day by day, and his success lay largely

in the fact that, as his Oakland Church had happily expressed it, he repeated himself—reproduced his own large and deep experience continually—in the lessons of the class-room, and therefore, year after year, in the lives and ministry of his admiring pupils.

It has already been intimated that, during his long experience in the pastoral office, it had been his habit to look at the subjects which he was called to study, at their most salient points, and with primary reference to their practical bearings. The law that regulated alike his investigation and his presentation of pulpit themes, was the law of usefulness, of fruitage. The same law now guided and controlled him in his new work as a teacher. Dry, systematic, exhaustive discussion was not congenial to a temperament like his. The forms in which he still specially delighted to contemplate truth, were living and vitalizing forms. From such a task, for example, as the toilsome elaborating and constructing of the multiplied elements which make up a proportionate, comprehensive scheme of theology, he would have consciously shrunk. While delighting in scholarly studies into the contents of the sacred Scriptures in their original tongues, he would hardly have chosen to spend his days in simple exegesis. But for the work to which he was called, he was conscious alike of special qualifications and of spontaneous devotion. I doubt whether he ever preached with more hearty abandonment or glowing delight than he often experienced while seated in the chair of the professor.

His aim was to do good as well as to inform, and his methods of treatment, his style of address, his assumed relation to his pupils, as well as his preferred themes, were all in harmony with that aim. The title and the substance of his inaugural address, delivered at the same date with the dedicating of our seminary hall—in which he discoursed eloquently and practically of Skill as an element of the minister's success—furnish an interesting illustration of this fact. The fourfold division under which, as a series of categories, all his teaching was grouped, furnishes another suggestive illustration: The Minister as a Man, The Minister as a Preacher, The Minister in his Parish and The Minister in his Relations to the Church at Large, and to the Conversion of the World. If these heads were not as absolutely discriminative and mutually exclusive as mere science might have demanded, they still supplied the animating and regulative principles of all that he felt it incumbent upon him, in such a position, to teach. There was a vast body of most practical theology in what he thus grouped and moulded together; and when there was suffused through all, the warmth of a pure desire to do good, the mellow light of a large and deep experience, the vividness flowing off at every point from a strong and ardent personality, the result was such a volume of mingled instruction and inspiration as was probably never much surpassed by any of his predecessors in that most

profitable, most beneficent department of the seminary cultus.

In the presence of so many tender attestations, it is almost needless to speak of the general influence of Professor Eells upon those who became his pupils. From their official action at the time of his decease, a few indicative sentences may be quoted here: "In the classroom, the lessons he taught us were not merely to be learned, but to be lived. Suffused with Gospel truth and a deep earnestness, his teaching breathed into the heart of the listener a holy ambition and zeal for saving souls. . . . As he went in and out before us, as he counseled us like a loving father, day by day, the strength and goodness of his Christian manhood were deeply impressed upon us. The pure influence and noble example of his earnest life will be ever present with us as a guide and inspiration to higher Christian endeavor." Blessed indeed is the teacher who can thus deeply impress himself upon the mind and memory of those who are themselves to go out into the world on a like errand, not merely of instruction, but of spiritual quickening. Such a teacher makes a contribution to the volume of human life, second only to that which flowed off, so many ages ago, from the ineffable personality of the Man of Nazareth; for now, as truly as in that primitive time, what the world most needs is not doctrine but vitalization.

In the intimacies of the faculty, Professor Eells proved

himself a brother beloved and trusted in a high degree. The adjustments of such a relation are so complicated and so delicate that he is indeed happy who, standing honestly in it, is neither conscious of failing adequately to regard these adjustments, nor pained by the disregard of them in others. In a connection where all are equal, and where each department and incumbent has separate interests and prerogatives, yet where the success of all is dependent on the temper and course of each, and where in what is common the lines of mutual privilege and duty cannot readily be drawn, it is easy, unfortunately, without deliberate purpose, to do or say what may wound or even wrong another. Multiplied are the ways in which such a relationship, however tender or beautiful in itself, may degenerate into a cold formality, or even become the occasion of disappointment and of exquisite pain. If our brother had ever seriously erred in such direction—if, on the other hand, he had not habitually manifested the finest brotherly piety in his contact with his associates, it would have been impossible for them to have declared it, as they have officially done, “an inestimable privilege to have been associated with one so courteous, so manly, so tender, so hopeful, so true.” I doubt whether, in the midst of divergencies in judgment, such as sometimes occurred among us, any deep shadow of alienation or disaffection ever dropped down upon the fellowship extending through more than six years of official association. His loss occasions deeper sorrow

nowhere else outside of the circle of his immediate family and kindred than is felt by those who, the very evening before his death, with no thought of danger, sat for an hour with him in truly fraternal conference respecting the Christian interest committed to their common care. Of all that he was to me, as an associate and friend, during the seven and thirty years since we first met as fellow students in the seminary, through all the changes of location and the wide stretches of distance that have sometimes intervened, down to this final period of companionship, all too brief, I will not venture here to speak. God grant that these intimacies may be resumed ere long in some happier clime!

In the general administration of the seminary, Dr. Eells habitually, and from principle, took the deepest interest. It was not his theory that the work of a professor is done when the duties pertaining to his department are all honorably met. He loved to be useful everywhere. Nor was his desire to build a last monument here, as he expressed it, the impulse of a selfish ambition; it was rather a desire to help in rearing on these hallowed foundations a great and good institution whose walls should stand for centuries, and whose influence should go on and on through all lands, to the end of time. It was because he believed in his heart that the founding or the development of such an institution is a work as permanent, as widespread, as beneficent as any in which a Christian minister or a Christian layman can



ever be engaged. It was also because he had faith in this Seminary, in its history and principles and prevailing spirit, in the forces for good already incorporated in it, and the large capabilities now spreading out before it, as one among the honored institutions of our church. It was for such reasons that he habitually sought to be instrumental, with others, in increasing those capabilities, in enlarging the endowment and multiplying instructors and gathering books and erecting buildings, and so making the Seminary stronger and more effective at every point. To those of us who know the history of recent deliberations in such directions, how painful is it to realize to-day that the heart that throbbed with such impulses is forever silent ; that the generous mind, the ardent will, the active hand, which might have sustained us all so largely in making present plans effectual, are forever stilled in death !

VI. The close of his life was sudden indeed. One convulsive movement, one vital pang, and all was over. It has well been said that among all the most cunning fabrications of mechanical genius, there is none which, for strength, effectiveness and endurance, can be compared with that wonderful piece of machinery, the human heart. Nowhere, even among the organisms of nature, coming directly from the hand of God, can there be found so remarkable a structure as that small, hollow organ, eight or ten ounces in weight, and made up of muscle and nerve, divinely placed within the

human frame, whose rhythmical action begins even prior to birth and is continued by day and by night, all unconsciously to its possessor, and beyond the reach of volition, steadfast and faithful in its convulsive throbbing, amid the tumults of human passion, the keen throb of desire and interest, through childhood, through manhood, down to the last hour and moment of life—an organism whose enfeeblement means universal decline, and whose cessation, even for a moment, means death, instant and resistless. That so erect, lithe, vigorous a form as his should have given way at this central point, could hardly have been anticipated by any who knew him. For such a sturdy specimen of physical manhood, all would have predicted long continuance of vigor, a slow and quiet decline and an old age healthful, active, serene. But that delicate organism, even before he came among us, had begun to show signs of weakness and failure, and several ominous attacks, from which he subsequently suffered, had made me distinctly aware, years 'ago, of an impending possibility that seemed a dreadful shadow on our brotherly fellowship. Had he refrained from other duties than those imposed upon him in the seminary, had he declined outside invitations more resolutely, and especially the urgent requests to minister stately in neighboring churches—against which I for one, even at some risk of misapprehension, had earnestly warned him again and again—the tired organ at the centre of his being might have continued to throb on for a period

much longer, doing its work under disabilities indeed, yet still doing it. But the ardent desire to be useful, the entreaties of individuals and churches, the apparent calls of duty, the pressure of temporal care, and other incentives, impelled him on and on, even in the face of peril, until the end came—came all too suddenly. Although aware of the serious nature of the disease that was besetting him, he had at the last no special apprehensions of immediate danger. He had indeed suffered severely during the preceding night, but he had so suffered often before, and in the sharp pangs which he had endured, there seemed to him nothing unusual. His physician also had spoken confidently, during the morning visit, of his early recovery from this fresh onset of the enemy, and we parted at his bedside toward noon in the confident hope, on his part and on mine, that a day or two would bring him back to his loved work. But God had other designs. Just after the noontide hour, the decisive summons came, and almost instantly that overwrought heart ceased its throbbing, and the laborer rested from his earthly toil forever. Like David, he had served his generation by the will of God, and, more suddenly than David, he fell asleep:

—Burst were the prison bars;  
One moment here, so low, in mortal strife,  
The next, beyond the stars.

And for the little group of personal friends who had gathered in alarm around the couch on which he lay to

render what service they might, there remained only the one overpowering fact, embodied by a physician after examination in the simple words, "There is no life here!"

I dare not refer to the peculiar anguish which this bereavement has brought to the home and the circle of kindred from which our brother was thus suddenly taken. It might seem almost selfish to speak here of the grief, too instant and too deep almost for tears, into which the Seminary was plunged by this unexpected visitation. It is not in such circles alone that our brother is still tenderly lamented; we bow in the presence of a wider, a well nigh continental grief. These contiguous churches which he had, at so great a cost to himself, served in the Lord; this community in which he had been a commanding figure; the ecclesiastic bodies in whose deliberations he had conspicuously shared; the colleges of this region which he had tried to help, and one of which (Marietta) had conferred on him, in 1881, its highest title, *causa honoris*; his distant alma mater—where the name of Eells is, for many reasons, held in special honor—the churches east and north and west, where he had ministered so well; the distant theological seminary to whose service he had given so much of his time and strength, and indeed the Presbyterian Church at large, all lament together the providence that has removed from their fellowship a Christian minister and teacher, so ardent, so active, so efficient in all varieties of Christian service. But wide and impressive as is the sense of bereavement,

the event thus broadly mourned is freighted with precious and profitable instruction. Let us not forget its peculiar teaching. Well is it that he has himself summed up for us, and for all, in better words than I could command, the one great lesson of his life, the final message which he would have desired me to deliver. His last course of lectures in the Seminary is on his favorite subject of Christian evangelism, and the closing lecture of that course discusses the prospect for evangelism as indicated in history and prophecy. As the earnest teacher draws toward the end of his discussion, he sketches the predestined and the glorious time when Christ shall reign, not as a temporal king, but as the Prince of Peace, drawing all men unto him. He speaks of this Christian consummation, so unlike all merely chiliastic expectations, as anticipated in the counsels of eternity, announced in the Garden of Eden, foreshadowed in the covenants and promises, predicted by the long line of seers, and made certain to the world by the commission given by our dying Lord to his disciples and to his church in all the earth. And then he closes his teaching with words which we may well accept as his own parting message to us and to all who knew, honored, loved him: "To give money and labor and life for the attainment of that consummation, and to know that in the end we shall sit with Him on his throne, and He shall reign forever and ever, is the sublimest privilege

and the noblest service and the grandest reward that God has made possible to man."

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

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### ACTION OF THE FACULTY OF LANE SEMINARY.

We mourn the loss of an efficient co-laborer in the work of theological education. Dr. Eells' eminent abilities as a preacher made him for many years a distinguished minister of the Gospel. His genial manners, his knowledge of men and his quick sympathy with them made him unusually beloved and trusted as a Christian pastor. His native endowments were made efficient by untiring industry, as they were guided by the principle of self-consecration in the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. He brought therefore to the work in which he engaged here as an instructor not only large ability, high attainments and thorough culture, but a ripe experience of the ministerial work in all its departments. His success in this work was in accordance with the qualifications which he brought to the work. We count it a great blessing that this seminary should so long have enjoyed these ripe fruits of scholarship, practical sense and thorough experience.



We mourn the loss of a leader in the community and in our own Church. Dr. Eells' sympathy was enlisted in every good work. He took an active part in the work of the church, in the pulpit, on the platform and in the deliberative assemblies. In all these he was efficient and helpful. He took a special interest in the work of education, and other institutions beside the one he directly served were assisted and encouraged by his wise counsel and his well directed efforts. On this account his loss is a bereavement not only to ourselves, but to our city, to the church and to the country.

Most deeply do we mourn the loss of a brother beloved. In the personal intimacy we were permitted to enjoy with Dr. Eells, we found him not only a Christian gentleman but a sincere friend. He was wise in counsel, quick in sympathy, forward in assuming his share of every burden. His sincere affection for the institution he served, and his confidence in its future, strengthened the same affection and confidence in us. To his pupils he was not only a teacher, but a friend and adviser. To each of his colleagues he was a near and dear friend. We hold it an inestimable privilege to have been associated with one so courteous, so manly, so tender, so hopeful, so true. In proportion to the privilege is the bereavement we now suffer, and while we bow in reverent submission to the will of our Father, it is with a deep sense of the personal loss to each of us.

In this loss we sympathize with those nearest to

him. With them we will cherish his memory as of one to whom we are greatly indebted. They and we shall find this memory a help to nobler living. May the God of consolation help us all to live more consciously in the presence of that world to which our brother has gone, where he will find a larger and higher sphere of activity and usefulness.

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### ACTION OF STUDENTS.

With a feeling of deep sorrow, we, the students of Lane Seminary, would pay our tribute of love and honor to our departed friend and instructor, and would extend sincere sympathy to those dear ones upon whom the more crushing weight of the blow has fallen. With the sense of loss heavy upon us, we can not, as we would, express our appreciation of Dr. Eells' teaching, our gratitude for his untiring devotion to all that pertained to our welfare and success in the Master's service, and our warm love for him as a Christian gentleman. In the class-room the lessons he taught us were not merely to be *learned*, but to be *lived*. Suffused with Gospel truth and a deep earnestness, his teachings breathed into the heart of the listener a holy ambition and zeal for saving souls. As a man, he won from us not only our respect and esteem, but our lasting affection. As he went in and out before us; as he led our devotions from the sacred desk; as he directed our minds and hearts in the

lecture-room; as he counseled us like a loving father, day by day, the strength and grandeur of his Christian manhood were deeply impressed upon us. The pure influence and noble example of his earnest life will be ever present with us as a guide and inspiration to higher Christian endeavor. His death places upon us a heavy affliction. Yet, deep as is our grief, there mingles with it a thanksgiving that we have been permitted to commune with his generous spirit and holy character for even so brief a period. The great love which we bore him would express itself in tender and affectionate sympathy with his family and immediate friends. We mingle our tears with those of the bereaved wife and children and offer our prayers that "the peace of God that passeth all understanding" may brood over this shattered household. May the spirit of God bind up these broken hearts; may He whom our friend loved and served, He who "was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," lead these mourning loved ones gently through the shadow into the light of the morning of joy; and may the Heavenly Father, the God of all consolation and comfort, give them abundantly of his presence and grace.

COMMITTEE. { BURT E. HOWARD,  
J. A. ADAIR,  
W. S. NELSON.



MEMORIAL SERVICE

—IN—

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

—OF—

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA,

*SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 1886.*





## ADDRESS OF FRANCIS A. HORTON, D. D.

The memory of Dr. Eells for many a long year will be green in this congregation. It will be, I apprehend, a deathless memory, and justly so.

Very rarely in the experience of a church and its pastor is there found such a complete outgoing of the heart of the people to the pastor, and such a perfect union between them as was manifest and is still manifest in this case. I think I never knew of an instance where any congregation so completely trusted the judgment of a man as in this instance, evidencing itself in the fact that twice in the history the congregation composed anywhere from seven hundred to nine hundred members, with hosts of others, was willing to commit to the judgment of one man the duty of calling for them, "unsight and unseen," a pastor who was not to come to them on trial, but to come and be settled and live with them, and work with them, without any question.

Dr. Eells felt the great honor thus conferred upon him by this people—felt the weight of the responsibility—felt that he could not bear it the third time, should occasion

arise, and so expressed himself. But the fact that that confidence was reposed and the fact that he was willing to assume such a position, is an illustration of that which I have presented of the perfect, the absolutely perfect union between pastor and people.

In endeavoring to analyze this and find out what was its foundation (for such things come not by chance—given like conditions and they will come constantly) we reach back into his character, and we come to admire that beautiful symmetry which was the feature therein that made him strong and great. It is a beautifully rounded-out character; not as great on any side as other men that could be named, but great as on all sides in a way that could not be said of many men existing to-day.

Some men are great as specialists. They reach out to long and wonderful distances in certain directions, but on other sides of their character they are very weak. Such men are grand in their place, for special investigations; they belong, if clergymen, to theological seminaries. But a man to come in contact with people and win the heart, and command respect, and secure a following, and perpetuate a memory, must be on all sides a good and strong man. Such a man was Dr. Eells.

And very naturally he was called to a seminary, called to fill a department for which he was fitted—to mould, to develop, to expand, to fill out and round out and perfect the character of the young men under his charge; and without intending to be it, on that line he was a specialist.

Nature made him a specialist just at that point. And there he looms out to a great height before our minds and eyes.

Some men are great as the spire of a church is high. They are narrow at the base, but they reach up into the clouds, so delicately, slenderly, that when we look at them, while we are filled with admiration, we are also filled with a certain fear lest there be not enough support so that they may fall over under stress of circumstances ; and of some men we wish they were not quite so tall, for our comfort in contemplating them.

But Dr. Eells was not lofty in that sense. He was lofty in the sense that a cathedral dome is high ; while reaching up into the clouds above many a surrounding spire, yet so easily there, so naturally there, so safely there, that while we contemplate him, the mind instead of being made uneasy, feels that it is his natural place, and that his greatness rests upon so secure a foundation that there need never be a thought regarding his serenity, his safety, his absolute peace.

And for this reason people rested upon him with a confidence which has never been betrayed. And when we consider it carefully, that is the most beautiful character that is developed in this world.

And I have loved to think that like a cathedral dome, always open to heaven, so that the sunlight and the rain and the fresh air can enter unobstructedly, so Dr. Eells' cathedral character was at its highest ever open towards

heaven; an humble follower of the Saviour—open to those influences which permeated and made him the lovely, lovable character that he was.

And as a cathedral dome is ornamented by the highest masters of art, so the interior of his great dome soul was illuminated by the Spirit of God in pencilings of purest light; and within the soul, so far as words, so far as actions, so far as influences gave it expression, there was nothing save the beautiful; there was nothing save that which was illuminated in heaven's own light. He was a pure man, pure in his greatness, pure in his power, so that injustice in his presence dared not open its lips; so that weakness in his presence knew that it would be listened to. Every mean thing shunned his presence as it would shun the presence of an angel. There was that in Dr. Eells, in the majesty of his presence, in the dignity of his person, that kept men at arm's length, at the same time that there was that gentle expression in his countenance that invited one instinctively nearer to him. He was a man that welcomed intimate relationship, yet with whom none could be familiar in a coarse sense.

And so there was that beautiful poise of character and manly dignity that made him as is often said, "one of Nature's noblemen." The plan according to which his character was developed was that of a noble man. And how beautifully nature worked out her pattern to the least detail, we all well know.

I have loved to think of him under this figure of a

cathedral dome, his thoughts like so many worshipers thronging the aisles, while music of the Holy Spirit's creation from those organ pipes of humility and tenderness and justice, and the rest fall over all, hush all, bless all. I love to think of his thoughts, like so many worshipers, thus blessed within his holy soul, going out into the world to guard and guide, to mould and teach, to bless and to heal.

What streams of influence went forth from him on every side! I knew him many years before he knew me. He never knew me until I had reached up to where he could see me. But long before that, when he stepped over into the Dutch Church, I knew him, and from that time I have never lost sight of him. In the old city of Cleveland there was a man just like him, grand in appearance, a man of affairs, capable of running a bank or a business house—Dr. Goodrich. One day a young man came to Dr. Goodrich in great distress. He had been saved from a dissipated life; and he spoke with regard to the great needs of young men upon the railway, among whom he was one. Dr. Eells was present. These two men of God listened to what the young man had to say. Dr. Goodrich said: "Mr. Stager, if you mean business in this thing, all the money you need is behind you." Dr. Eells rejoined for the Second Church of Cleveland: "The Second Church will stand by the First." And there and then began the enterprise that has now developed into the Railway Branch Christian Young Men's

Association—a grand work. Yet not one in the ten thousand of the young men that work with it ever think of Dr. Eells in this connection.

Our *Occident* was for the first year under his care. Our theological seminary has felt his hand. There are good works everywhere over the country that he has promoted.

This same commanding character inspired reliance upon his judgment and enabled him to lay his hand upon moneyed men from Maine to California, who, simply reposing in the man, would take his judgment upon the operations in which he was interested and pour out their wealth to carry on his enterprises.

Such men are not born every day. Such characters are not developed every year. We have met with a great loss. Personally, as a community, as a denomination, as the Church of Christ on earth, we have met with a great and severe loss. We do well to mourn side by side to-day.

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#### ADDRESS BY J. K. McLEAN, D. D.

A few weeks ago, just before the death of Dr. Eells, I cut this clipping from an editorial upon "Manliness as a Factor in Preaching," out of the New York *Evangelist*. As a quotation from that source may possibly, in the case of a part of this audience, lend weight to anything that I could say, I venture to read it :



“The first great requisite in the ministerial office universally, is manhood, Christian manhood. It seems commonplace to say this, yet there is much in the proposition which needs to be repeated and emphasized. To be a man in any such sense as makes the individual conspicuous and influential, in any such sense as constitutes him a social force, quickening and elevating those with whom he is brought into contact, requires ordinarily a large combination of native endowments and of acquired gifts. But to be a man in the Christian sense, and such a man as befits the Christian ministry viewed as an vocation, involves much more than the world puts into the term. It involves the divine appropriation of these natural qualities, and the transfusing and transfiguring of them all through grace. It involves the reconstruction of the whole nature after the pattern of Christ, the suffusing and invigorating of all the powers of the soul by the energizing of the Holy Ghost. It involves a grand spiritual development and growth, such as sets him who enjoys it, on a pedestal above his fellows, not in the sense of position and prerogative, but in the better sense of maturity, completeness, and consequent kingliness among men.”

I do not think the writer of this article, if he had had it in mind after Dr. Eells' death to delineate his character, could have more successfully done so than by the use of the phrases and terms which are here placed together.

And that shall be the tribute which I bring and lay before you here to-day as my offering to his memory—a simple tribute of unaffected reverence for the essential manliness of the man.

It was only yesterday that I was speaking to a well known citizen of Oakland, a member of no denomination so far as I know, but who has long been resident here and who knew Dr. Eells very well. In remarking upon his death, said this gentleman: “He was one of those who believe that the man should always be greater than his profession.”

It seems to me that all those qualities which Brother Horton has so well enumerated as inhering in our deceased friend, were made potent, and made to be the influential force they were in society, by this factor, which was the central and supporting column of Dr. Eells' whole character—his fine, full manliness. It was a feeling of that which led his congregation to trust his judgment; it was a perception of that which led men of the world, who perhaps cared little for the project he had in hand, to trust him; it was this that led the poor to come to him for relief, the troubled for advice and the weak for help.

Coming in here one morning on some errand, during his pastorate of the church, I found in the study a man whom I knew very well, broken down in tears—a hard drinker, who felt himself helpless in the power of his habit, and had sought out Dr. Eells and had come to him as the

man of all men whom he felt could help him out of the depths in which he was fallen. Many a one so sought him out for advice in great matters and in small. Had Dr. Eells lived to return to our coast, one of the most important functions he could have fulfilled, no matter what position or what duties had been assigned him, would have been to stand as a kind of general denominational arbitrator and advisor. I, in fact, ventured to suggest as much to him on the last evening of his visit last year. He would have been the man who, in the feeling of all parties, could be trusted to give a broad, intelligent, fair, just and right decision. He was so much of a man that he could do just that. And that is a great deal to say of a man.

Speaking for the other churches in the city, we who in common with this church knew, believed in, revered and loved Dr. Eells, I would utter, as my contribution to this occasion, this one brief word: "We admired him as a minister, but we revered him, believed in him, venerated him as a man." He interpreted to us, in his own character and life, the idea of Christian manhood, and in that regard was a model, a stimulus and a helper to us all. The churches of Oakland join with this church in mourning the loss of its late pastor as a loss common to us all. We join with you in sincere admiration and pleasant recollection of his many sterling qualities of hand, head and heart. His presence and his work in Oakland was a blessing to us all.

ADDRESS OF REV. HENRY J. VAN DYKE, D. D.

It was not my privilege at any time to be intimately acquainted with Dr. Eells as a personal friend, yet I have known him and been familiar with his public position and his public conduct for twenty-five years. He was a successor of my late pastor, Dr. Bethune, in charge of one of the Reformed Dutch churches in Brooklyn, and I am familiar with the estimation in which he was held by the church in which he served. I frequently hear his name mentioned with great confidence and affection to this day by people who were under his pastoral charge.

The last time I saw him was in the General Assembly in Chicago. He was elected moderator and presided over that body with great dignity, fairness and courtesy, manifesting many of the excellent qualities which have been attributed to him in the remarks you have already heard.

Soon after that, he went as a professor into Lane Seminary, to aid, not merely by his teaching but by the force of his example, in moulding the character of future ministers of the Presbyterian church.

And now, in the midst of his usefulness, as it seems to us, he is cut down and taken away; one of the foremost men of the large denomination to which he belonged, he has been removed from his sphere of usefulness. We have occasion, looking at it from a human point of view, to mourn. It is a loss to us.

And yet I never consider the death of even the most

useful man without thinking of Christ's words to his disciples when he said: "It is expedient for you that I go away." That was a hard saying. How could it be expedient for that little flock in the midst of wolves to lose a shepherd? How could it be expedient for this flock to be deprived of a teacher? Christ says: "It is expedient for you that I go away." We see the truth of this in regard to Christ. We dare not say of Dr. Eells or any man that he is carrying on in heaven the work which he began; and yet I can see some sense in which the loss of any of our dear friends, however useful, may be expedient for us. Have we not learned—if we have not, we soon will learn—the important lesson that separation sometimes brings us nearer to those we love. A father who is on this Pacific coast laboring for his family and sending them the fruits of his labor with love messages, is perhaps nearer to his household than he was before he left them. The little child whose picture hangs on our chamber wall touches us every day with dimpled hands, and makes all little children dear to our sight. Even death, the final separation, for which there is no reunion until the heavens be no more, brings us nearer to those who leave us and go away. Death sometimes adds new emphasis to a man's influence, makes his memory sweeter, his work more permanent. When a man's work is done, it is expedient for us that he go away. And who is to be the judge when the work is done? I never could pray: "From sudden death, good Lord deliver us." When I have done

the last good work I have to do for his church, my wish would be that I might drop in my tracks and be a burden to no one, and that no one even whisper in his soul: "What a pity he didn't die long ago." Don't let us judge God's wisdom when he takes our friends away. The poet, I think, is mistaken when he says:

"The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is often interred with their bones."

I do not believe that. I believe there is a greater vitality in good than there is in evil. I believe, as some scientists say, that there is a power behind all phenomena that makes for righteousness and keeps alive the seeds of good in the earth.

I remember a friend who, before he went as a missionary to China, went to the top of Girard college, and he said: "Well, Stephen Girard built his monument in marble, I mean to build mine in the hearts of men." That is where Dr. Eells built his monument. He will not be forgotten while there is a sorrowing heart to whom he has ministered words of consolation. He will not be forgotten on this coast and the other coast and all over this broad land so long as there is a boy who can remember hearing him preach the gospel, so long as there is one who has noticed his public testimony for truth and right.

Let us turn our mourning (which God allows us to have) into a profitable admonition. Let us learn this great lesson: "The dignity, the power, the personal



influence of a minister of the Gospel.” I know it is true, as has been said, that it is a man’s character that gives dignity to his office, but I am sure that my friend here would agree with me equally that it is the work of the office, when it is well done, that dignifies the character. There is no better work in its effect upon the character, when well done, than that of a minister of the Gospel, in contact with great truth every day, setting up before the mind’s eye great examples, with a hope everlasting stretching out in the future, even the hope that they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

And if I might be permitted to draw an example from the life of Dr. Eells in the tenderness of this memorial service, it would be to say to some boy here, baptised by his hands, whether God does not call him: “Go preach the gospel.” I would appeal to parents not to put their children into the ministry thoughtlessly, to be sure, for the theological seminary cannot make a minister. God must call. But I would ask them, as the greatest blessing to their families, to pray that God would call their son as an ambassador.

I think the lesson of this death and memorial service is to carry on here the work to which Dr. Eells gave so much of his energy—the work of building up an earnest, steadfast, persevering, gospel ministry.

ADDRESS OF REV. S. P. SPRECHER, D. D.

When Philip Melancthon lay dying, as it was thought, just at that critical time of the Reformation, Martin Luther came to his bedside and said: "Philip, you must not, shall not die. We cannot spare you." And then he went into an adjoining room and, as was overheard by certain ones, he prayed to God, and he told God that Philip Melancthon could not be spared from his work, and he must not take him away; that he must recover. And he talked to God in such language as from any other than such a soul as Martin Luther's would have been blasphemous. Melancthon got well.

If the Presbyterians on this coast could have known beforehand that Dr. Eells was so near his end, such language as that would have gone up to God all over this coast from the hearts of ministers and laymen: "Oh, Lord God, we cannot spare Dr. Eells now, just in this critical time of his great work of founding professorships and endowing them in our theological seminary, giving a new impetus to our work of theological education and to all our church enterprises, just when we are hoping that he will become a professor among us, soon, at least, to live among us. Oh, Lord, not now!

Well, the Lord did not allow us to know, and I suppose for the reason that he could not answer the prayer. It would not have been well. As has been already said by Dr. Van Dyke, it is expedient when God takes them.

And so God did not allow us to pray in that way because it was expedient, doubtless, that he should be taken away from us.

But how can we spare him? Where is there any one to take his place, and who can finish the work that he began? Who is fitted for it? There are few men like Dr. Eells. To all his other grand qualities that have been spoken of, his amiability of mind, fineness of character, his eloquence in the pulpit, his acquisitions of knowledge and his manliness—to all that he combined, to a wonderful degree, practical common sense and business tact—a rare thing in a preacher—so that he could have conducted a large business or been secretary of the treasury and distinguished himself in that high position. He was coming out to this coast, and all denominations revered and honored him, and had such confidence in his judgment as a business man, and that he knew what was what, and what he was engaged in, and moneyed men were ready to trust their funds in any enterprise in his charge. It is an unspeakable loss, from our point of view, that a man of his character should be taken away—a man who never failed in his resources. When he came here to this coast to raise a hundred thousand dollars, he found at once that he could not raise it in the way proposed. In a few hours he had devised another scheme. He was always equal to the emergency, never failing, but everywhere inspiring men with confidence that he saw a way out and could lead them out.

We do not know how we can fill his place. We come here not so much to mourn for Dr. Eells as for ourselves. It is not that we feel that he has met with a loss. Oh, no. The widow of Dr. Goodell said at the funeral of her husband: "Charge them not to make it a sad occasion." Why should it be a sad occasion when an eminent servant of Jesus Christ, who has labored for him day in and day out, year in and year out, is called home? You do not mourn for him as if it were sad for him. Oh, no. His interest and his happiness are both served by the sudden taking of him home, where he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

At the death of John B. Gough, Mr. Wanamaker said, in making out his list of appointments, that Mr. Gough's daughter had inadvertently put down: "Home February 18." It was a mistake. That night he had an appointment to deliver a temperance address in a distant city; and he fell in the midst of that address. But his daughter was right. Home on the eighteenth of February! And when Dr. Eells falls suddenly, we do not feel that he has lost anything. He is at home with Christ, which is far better. But is it better for us? That is the hard thing to believe, and as we look around we can but ask: "Where shall we find means to finish that work?"

And yet it would be a sad thing if this were the only impression left upon us. For it is certainly true that God is not dependent upon his servants, even the most eminent. When the most faithful even, and the most

talented, are laid to their rest and are at home with him in glory. God's work will go on, and he can find means. And is not that a grand and important lesson for us to learn from Dr. Eells' death?

At this memorial service we want to honor him, to bring our tribute and lay it upon these altars, evidencing our love for Dr. Eells. It is little we can do for him. He has all honor and glory where he is, beyond anything we can give him. The true honor, which will be joy to him where he is—for I believe he knows what is going on here—the greatest satisfaction you can give our reverend brother, is to rear a monument to his memory by completing the James Eells professorship. Mr. Ladd of Portland has given fifty thousand dollars, and Dr. Eells was to raise a like sum in California. Let not our hearts falter for one single moment, but let us go away from this occasion filled with a determination that we will build that monument to our brother's name and fame; that the work which he began and carried on so successfully up to the time of his death, the work that was so dear to his heart, we will finish and will build a monument that his name shall never be forgotten in California.

Weak instrumentalities, very weak compared to Dr. Eells, will be raised up to finish his work; but if only out of respect for Dr. Eells and love for him you resolve that that great work for the kingdom of our Lord shall not fail but be completed, even Dr. Eells could say from

where he is that perhaps it is expedient that he go away, that greater things have been accomplished, that the people work more gloriously than even if he had been left to complete it. May God grant that we complete that monument to Dr. Eells.





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